

June 7 1889
WASHINGTON.

THE JOHNSTOWN DISASTER.

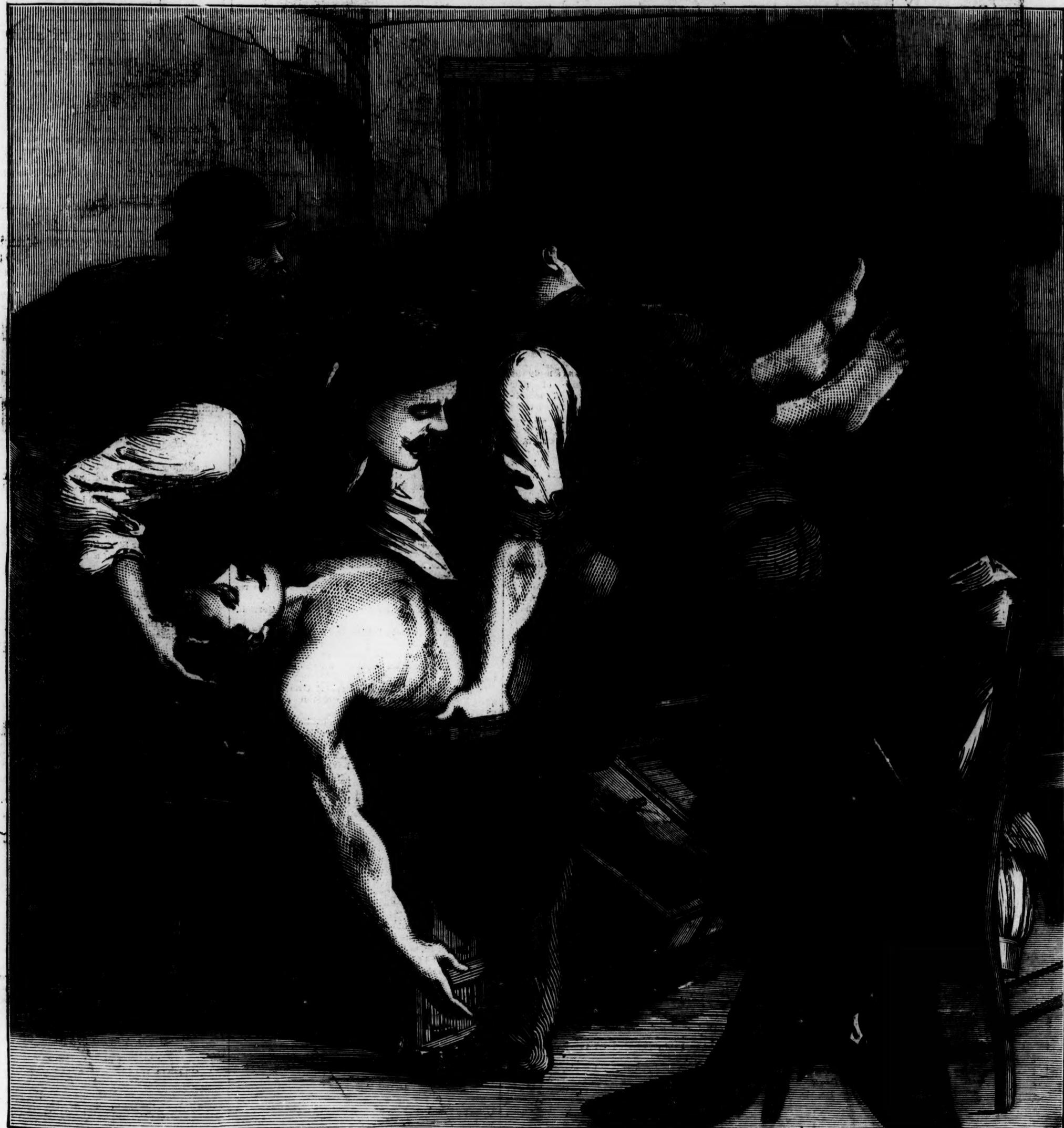
The National POLICE GAZETTE THE KILRAIN-SULLIVAN SUPPLEMENT ILLUSTRATED POLICE GAZETTE THE LEADERSHIP JOURNAL OF AMERICA SPORTING

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

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Price Ten Cents.



THEY PUT HIM IN A TRUNK.

HOW THE POLICE STATE THAT DR. CRONIN'S BODY WAS DONE AWAY WITH AFTER THE MURDER.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1889.

KILRAIN'S COLORS.

THE NEW

FIGHTING COLORS of JAKE KILRAIN,
Matched to fight John L. Sullivan for the
"Police Gazette" champion belt and
\$20,000.

ARE NOW READY.

Sporting Men, Saloon-Keepers and others who desire to purchase these colors can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. Orders should be sent immediately, as the supply is limited.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

THE DISASTER OF THE CENTURY.

The Johnstown disaster, as everybody will admit, is the greatest horror that the present world has known. The Bible tells the story of the Flood, and present and past writers and artists have done what they could in the way of picture painting and delineation regarding that subject. It is question whether there were or were not thousands upon thousands of people in those days. We have a flood in front of our very doors, as it were. Quiet, unassuming towns were, by the interposition of Providence, swept away in an hour.

"God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform."

This is a subject for thinkers and those who have no thought or power of thought. It is a simmered down idea for believers and unbelievers to paste in their hats for reference that the orphaned, the widowed and the otherwise bereaved, need assistance. A word to the charitable is sufficient.

Reporters and artists of the POLICE GAZETTE are on the ground of the Conemaugh-Johnstown disaster. Time, pains or money has not been taken into consideration to make the next issue of the POLICE GAZETTE superior to its contemporaries in delineating, portraying and depicting real phases and facts regarding the horror as they occurred.

MONEY sent to the POLICE GAZETTE office, Franklin Square, New York, will be quickly forwarded to the proper authorities in Johnstown, Pa. There are, no doubt, many charitably disposed people, and the world is full of them who might aid the stricken community of the Allegheny Valley.

PATRONS of the POLICE GAZETTE throughout the world should take notice that with this issue we publish a double-page supplement, in colors, delineating Jake Kilrain and John L. Sullivan as they will appear in the ring, near New Orleans, on July 8. Newsdealers will present this to purchasers of the POLICE GAZETTE free of charge.

THE CENTENNIAL is over, the Samoan difficulties have been amicably settled and Decoration Day is a thing of the past. The Grand Army boys did themselves proud on the latter occasion, but there were many of our citizens who could not, directly, participate in the last-mentioned event because they were not veterans. The recent changeable weather superinduces the remark that these citizens can have an opportunity of having a little Decoration Day of their own. Those who changed their flannels too soon will supply the cemetery.

UP to the present writing the police, press and public appear to be somewhat at sea as to the personality or whereabouts of the real murderers or conspirators—for conspirators there really were—in the "removal" of Dr. P. H. Cronin, of Chicago. Those who had to do with the flimsy work succeeded in covering up their tracks pretty successfully. There is a legend to the effect however, that "murder will out." Let us see if the adage will be confirmed in this particular instance.

MASKS AND FACES

The Benefit Matinee of the
"A. A. A. A."

DANCERS AND SINGERS.

Comedians and Tragedians...An Illustrious Mob...In Box and Stall.

FLOWERS IN THE LOBBY.

The Actors' Amateur Athletic Association of America gave a matinee performance at the Metropolitan Opera House, last week, in aid of the building fund.



It was a big affair; the house was packed; the lobbies were full of girls selling flowers and fellows standing around and buying them.

Our athletic actors got up a splendid programme. Only two individuals disappointed the audience.

They were Lillian Russell, who was to have sung, and John L. Sullivan, who was to have wrestled with Wm. Muldoon.

Lillian Russell said she was sick.

John L. Sullivan informed the audience that his wrestling tights were in his trunk, and that his trunk hadn't arrived. So he couldn't wrestle.

John L. Sullivan looked stolid when he came out on the stage with Muldoon and bowed, and there wasn't half as much enthusiasm over him as some of his adherents expected.

Sylvia Grey, of the London Gaiety company, had as much honor shown her as any individual on the programme. Her dancing was simply the quintessence of airy lightness and matchless grace. Sylvia Grey more than replaced Russell.

All her flowers were deserved.

Tom Keene did the oration over Caesar's dead body. He was noisy, mouthy, beefy.

The best thing about him was the mob.

It consisted of such unkempt and unwashed citizens as Wilton Lackaye, Clay Greene, Frank Lane, Ralph Delmore, Burr W. McIntosh, DeWolf Hopper, R. A. Roberts, Digby Bell, Richard Carroll, Thomas Q. Seabrook, H. Miller Kent, Chas. Plunkett, Edwin Arden, Harry C. Clarke, John E. Kellard, Jno. T. Sullivan, Wm. F. Blane, Chas. S. Dickson, Jesse Jenkins, J. H. Shewell, Geo. Fawcett, William Wilson, Walter Collier, Fred Corbett, Chas. A. Parsloe, Harry G. Vance, Adolf Jackson, H. E. Sandford, W. W. Allen, John Marshall, James S. Maffit, Jr., James T. Powers, Ben Hendricks, Carl A. Haasen, William Ranous, Wm. Humphries, C. W. Matthews, W. G. Smyth, Victor Harmon, George Richards, Jno. E. Henshaw, F. J. Currier, Frank Russell, Frank L. Davis, Howard Kyle.

Charles Dickson, by the way, wasn't in the mob at all. He was sitting quietly in an orchestra chair with a pretty girl by his side.

No S. P. Q. R. in his, thank you.

Fred Leslie distinguished himself by singing his "Kilrain" song, and excellently he did it.

Everybody on the boards seemed anxious to have a good time.

One of the first things on the programme was a tug-of-war.

Frazer Coulter, Frank Lane, Wilton Lackaye and John T. Sullivan were matched against DeWolf Hopper, Digby Bell, Tom Seabrook, Ed Stevens.

Burr McIntosh, who was referee, decided in favor of the former.

Miss Marion Manola sang a song very prettily.

Eugene Oudin came out in a uniform and sang a song in his usual well-barbered way.

George L. Fox used to say that clowns are the only true philosophers. They care no more for this round world of ours than they do for a rubber ball.

The six comedians who came out dressed as little tigers—Charley Evans, Billy Hoey, Frank Daniels, Digby Bell, Jimmy Powers and Dick Golden—seemed to enter heartily into the spirit of the thing.

Frank Daniels, I think, carried off the palm for extreme comicality.

Harry Dixey and Rosina Vokes did a sketch. It was called "Venus and Adonis," and transpired on a snowy day in Central Park. They did some fine dancing and indulged in some idiotic dialogue.

And Lewis Morrison rather bored the audience with a chestnut declamation and then took an encore.

Nellie Farren, loaded with diamonds, indulged in a duet and a dance with Letty Lind and was wildly encored.

Farren has lost considerable of her hoarseness since

she's been away from foggy London, and Letty Lind has lost none of her witching art.

But "Antony and Cleopatra," a burlesque by Clay Greene, was a disappointment.

Lackaye was well enough as *Antony*, but DeWolf Hopper could have made more of *Cleopatra* by playing it straight.

Imagine *Antony* falling into the soup and *Cleopatra* smoking a clay pipe.

Antony dressed himself in a baseball umpire's outfit, and *Cleopatra* rushes around with a big lobster attached to her girdle.

George Fawcett was excellent as *Enobarbus*, playing him seriously.

Richard Golden made the most of the *Messenger*, coming out slowly on the stage dragging a little express wagon.

H. D. Blakemore was a caricature of Nick Engel.

Elma Dolaro was a plump and well-fed *Charmian*.

The success of the "Antony and Cleopatra" burlesque, however, was the ballet.

After Sylvia Grey had finished her terpsichorean tidbits, Jeff d'Angelis, Eugene Canfield, Jimmy Hart, as premiers, and Charles Evans, Wm. Hoey, Dick Carroll, Eugene O'Rourke, George Richards, R. A. Roberts, John Henshaw and Lindsay Morrison, as coryphees, appeared in all styles of undress and convulsed the audience.

Jimmy Powers here made the individual hit.

He was gotten up as *Natty*, and at one time I thought I saw Fanny Rice.

His legs and his grimaces captured everybody, and his somersault was superb.

The audience was a brilliant and demonstrative one. It applauded any and every thing.

All classes were represented.

But Francis Wilson and company didn't show up.

Gilliz, of San Francisco, was there with Mrs. Porter Asche.

Fred Hallen appeared with Mollie Fuller.

Maudie Howe, Johnstone Bennett, Daisy Temple, Xenia Carlsbad, Florence Bulkeley, Josie Calvert, Elsie Lombard, Helene Brooks, Adeline Stanhope, Edith Bird, Evelyn Friend, Ray Douglas were there.

Cotterly was in a box and looked on through a quizzing glass.

Odette Tyler was a bit of blonde prettiness.

Carrie Burton, the supposed fascinating dancer, was there.

I'm sorry Josephine Knapp is getting fat.

Louise Balfe keeps her looks better than some of the youngsters.

Lillian Chantore has a good face, and "Shanty" has brains.

Georgia Cayvan, simple in black, had a quiet, leading-lady-like air.

Mabelle Stuart was in the orchestra, smiling.

Grace Filkins, in black, with auburn hair, gazed at things with big, brown eyes.

Evelyn Campbell, Gertie Hart, Evelyn Granville, Mabel Morris, Clara Thropp were perched somewhere in the big auditorium, opera glass in hand.

Cora Tinne, lot of daisies at her belt, flirted to right and left.

In the lobby you ran against fragments of the reception committee.

Paul Arthur steered the transient to Lydia Gerrish, who sold flowers.

George W. June looked shiny and oleaginous.

Charles W. Thomas was alert and active.

Frank McKee was courteous and on the lookout.

Frank Carlyle had an important air and an imported tie.

Ben Stevens, John Ritchie, Herbert Gresham, Clarence Flemming were there to welcome the coming guest.

Secretary Maguire was decked in his best smile.

Aunt Louisa, in the lobby, with kindly face and the famous hoarse voice, led the flower-selling dames.

Isabella Urquhart sold a great many boutonnieres, but the pleasure of her afternoon was spoiled by the absence of Pauline Hall.

Grace Henderson, Carrie Turner, Lelia Vane, Helen Standish and Beverly Sitgreaves were bailed as flower vendors. Buttonhole bouquets sold for as much as five dollars apiece.

When Bernhardt sold flowers at the fair in Paris for the benefit of the flood sufferers at Madrid, some years ago, she sold buttonhole bouquets, with a kiss thrown in, at twenty francs.

As the crowd filed out the women voted that the best thing in the show had been the legs of Jimmy Powers, while the men wavered in their preference between the lace petticoat and the terra cotta colored hosiery of Sylvia Grey.

There is no use disputing tastes, but the matinee was a success. They raked in over four thousand rhinos.

ROSEN.

NEW ORLEANS' FIRE CHIEF.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Thomas O'Connor, the present Chief of the New Orleans Fire Department, was born in the city named on June 29, 1839. At the age of 15 he became a member of Hose Co. No. 18, which was composed of young men, and ran independent of the regular engine companies. He became a member of Columbia No. 5 in August, 1858, and has served in all the stations of that

company, and has also served several terms as delegate to the Firemen's Charitable Association. Mr. O'Connor has for the past twenty years been chief of that department, and his long term of office is the very best possible testimony of his efficiency in this capacity. He has made several tours of observation to the principal cities of the United States, acquainting himself with the various apparatuses and means of extinguishing fires, and as a result his department is now thoroughly equipped with all the latest improved apparatus. In the discharge of his duty at fires he is always cool and collected, never becoming excited, and is always on the lookout for the safety of his men. As a practical fireman commanding a large corps, he has no superiors and few equals.

HE LOVED THE WEALTHY WIDOW.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

The aristocratic church circles of Baltimore are all broke up over the suicide of Rev. H. Greenfield Schorr, the brilliant young assistant rector of the St. Paul P. E. Church. Schorr had become infatuated with a lady named Mrs. M. M. Smith, who refused to entertain his proposal of marriage. He proposed to the lady again recently, and when again refused he became angry, and declared he would blow out his brains. He then left and went to his father's house, and when asked why he was so depressed he said he had lost a lot of money by a man committing suicide. The next morning the matron of the St. Paul's parish house, where Schorr was staying, was alarmed by hearing the report of a pistol in Schorr's room. Calling Dr. Hodges, the rector of the church, they went into the room and found Schorr lying dead on the floor with a bullet in his head which had been sent there by his own hand. Since his death it has been ascertained that Schorr led a double life, and was engaged to be married to one woman and courted three others.

NEW ORLEANS' POLICE CHIEF.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Chief Hennessey, the son of a detective, began life in the police station as messenger boy, and soon rose to the rank of detective of the New Orleans police force. He served under Col. Boylan on the regular force until a few years ago, when he accepted a position with his old chief in Farrell and Boylan's agency. He is one of the best known detectives in the South. He has been engaged around the several banks and was instrumental in capturing several notorious crooks. He was appointed chief of police May 2, 1889, and his management of the force has been commendable. His excellent judgment and keen perception, together with his knowledge of men and things, places him foremost among the police officers of the country.

A CRESCENT CITY POLICE OFFICER.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

Capt. John Journeé has been connected with the police force of New Orleans since 1878, having been appointed Court Officer at that time. He was promoted to sergeant in 1880 and to captain in 1884, which position he has since filled in a creditable manner. The Third precinct is quite extensive, there being a number of sporting establishments situated on the principal street of the precinct, Royal street. Capt. Journeé is a young man, only thirty-five years of age, and a native of New Orleans. He is regarded by his superior officers as a shrewd and most efficient official, and has a large number of very important captures of noted criminals to his credit.

JOHN J. QUINN.

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

On another page will be found the portrait of one of the handsomest men in Harlem. There are few men in this city who are better known in political circles than Mr. Quinn. Genial and unassuming, he makes friends wherever he goes, and is a brilliant light in Tammany circles. Mr. Quinn is the proprietor of one of the largest boarding stables in the city, located at 124th street, near Seventh avenue. He can always be found on the road, of a fine afternoon, and takes nobody's dust with his team of spanking flyers.

WHERE IS RETTA CLAYTON?

(WITH PORTRAIT.)

We publish this week portrait of Miss Retta Clayton, a prepossessing young lady of Bloomfield, Iowa. Miss Clayton had been giving music lessons in Har

HORROR!

The Johnstown Disaster, Which Eclipsed History.

A DEATH-DEALING DAM.

Hundreds upon Hundreds of People Swept Away by the Flood.

HEARTRENDING SCENES.

The Allegheny Valley Devastated By a Cruel Torrent.

TOWNS DESOLATED AND LAID BARE

One Hundred and Fifty Corpses Found Dead in One "Pocket" in a Gulch.

AIL NEEDED IMMEDIATELY.

The "Police Gazette" Will Officially be Temporary Treasurer for Subscriptions.

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PHILANTHROPISTS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATIONS.]

There is not one chance in a million that the Conemaugh river would ever have been heard of in history had it not been for its action on Friday evening May 31.

The Conemaugh river is, or rather was, a simple lit-



MIDST FIRE AND FLOOD.

The stream that meandered through Northwestern Pennsylvania and made glad by its peaceful murmurings those who dwelt by its bankside, or bore tokens of affection in the way of pleasure-seeking picnickers, moonlight parties or across-stream excursionists upon its placid bosom. It was one of those inoffensive creeks, termed by courtesy a river, that the Hudson river of the East, the Mississippi of the Middle or the Red river of the West might call a stripling.

There are times when even the still, small voice arises in its might and asserts its supremacy, and the wee small river of Conemaugh did that self-same thing on Friday evening, May 31. All along the banks of the listless, yet ever flowing, little alleged river farmers were preparing for their anticipated harvests; the fishermen of the section—amateur fishermen, indeed, for they were only equal to the fish—small and incomplete as was the Conemaugh, such as you and I, reader, who took pleasure in flinging their worm-crowded hooks into the stomach of a log and then going home for more bait; bonny fairies, brisk young tillers of the soil, toilers, and seeming-tired miners, these and all other human concomitants that go to make up such a quiet, thriving bailiwick dwelt in the locality.

And so went on the listless life of the denizens of the Conemaugh Valley, nestling at the foot of the Allegheny range.

Snuggling in the cosiest nook, right where no prying reporter or trout-fishing president ever bent his way was Johnstown. The word "was" is used advisedly.

Johnstown is no more. At four o'clock on the fateful day all was serene. At six o'clock all was desolation and destruction.

The "big dam" had broken and the little brooklet had burst its sides for very glee at being dubbed a creek, and was making itself known in history. The Brooklyn Theatre holocaust, with its dead three hundred, paled into insignificance. The Mud Run and Reading disasters had to take a back seat.

"Let me alone for horror," murmured the Conemaugh, "and I'll get there!"

It did get there. Right above Johnstown on the self same Conemaugh, or rather where the North Fork glides into that erstwhile inoffensive stream, was a reservoir.

rolled onward and sucking babes were swept from their mother's breasts even as if the King of Old had proclaimed.

So on to St. Florence in Fairfield—well-named. The people at Nineveh and the quiet, easy-going folk of the cruel-river towns counted their losses by hundreds.

"Ten thousand dead," was the announcement that came over the wires.

The effect can never be told. Centuries may come and go, but no century can make its mark in the history of time like that of the Nineteenth, with its side, the Conemaugh.

Hundreds upon hundreds of lives were lost. The number cannot even be approximated, for in such regions there are always innumerable people—what

nearly entirely swept away. Mineral Point, between Johnstown and the viaduct, was blotted out of existence. If any of the six hundred souls that formerly resided there are alive the POLICE GAZETTE reporters



"WHERE'S MAMA?"

could not find them. Nineveh, just below the Conemaugh furnace, is a city of corpses. Indeed, from South Fork to Bolivar and for a distance of a dozen miles or so the banks of the old-time river are literally strewn with corpses.

After the death-dealing current had gone on the work of tallying began. As the POLICE GAZETTE goes to press this is still in progress. It will never be ended.

Then fiends in human form began their ghastly work of robbing the dead. Summary punishment was dealt out to some of them. A vigilance committee, hastily organized, ran a score of them into the river, and that was the end of them.

At five o'clock on Monday evening hundreds upon hundreds of citizens are arriving on the scene. Coffins are coming in by the carload, and the result of philanthropic and necessary aid began to pour in.

More relief is needed.

The best story of the horror can be gathered from the tale of an eye-witness, C. W. Linticum. Said he:

"My train left Pittsburgh Friday morning for Johnstown. The train was due at Sang Hollow at 4:02, but was five minutes late.

"At Sang Hollow, just as we were about to pull out, we heard that the flood was coming. Looking up the valley we saw an immense wall of water thirty feet high raging, roaring, rushing toward us.

"The engineer reversed his engine and rushed back to the hills at full speed, and we barely escaped the waters. We ran back three hundred yards and the flood swept by, tearing up track, telegraph poles, houses and trees.

"Superintendent Pitcairn was on the train. We all got out and tried to save the floating people. Taking the bell cord, we formed a line and threw the rope out, thus saving seven persons.

"We could have saved more, but many were afraid to let go the debris. It was an awful sight. The immense volume of water was roaring along, whirling over huge rocks, dashing against the banks and leaping high in the air and this seething flood was strewn with timber, trunks of trees, parts of houses, and hundreds of human beings, cattle and almost every animal.

"The fearful peril of the living was not more awful than the horror of hundreds of distorted, bleeding corpses whirling along the avalanche of death.

"We counted 107 people floating by and dead without

the careless world calls its floating population—who would not be missed or accounted for until the Judgment Roll is called.

Even on Monday, three days after the horror, mothers meandered about frantically begging that their children might be returned to them, and men with hearts brushed tears from their eyes and endeavored

to make them believe that their dear ones had been rescued. Children pleadingly prayed that they might be saved, but the cruel, ever onward-rushing flood gathered them in and swept them onward.

To add to the horror the Johnstown Bridge, as if to add terror to terror and to make confusion worse confounded, swept from its approaches and precipitated the horror-stricken multitude into the torrent. An overturned stove in a dwelling inaugurated a conflagration. Nearly a hundred people were literally burned to death, thus adding holocaust to the far more preferable fate of death by drowning.

Scarcely had the news of the terrible disaster been sent abroad than the alert newspapers had their commissioners speedily on their way to the scene.

Only the most meagre accounts had been given to the public for the reason that every mode of communication via telegraph or train had been cut off.

When the POLICE GAZETTE representatives reached Johnstown the scene was a pitiable one. The former town was a swamp. Debris was piled here, there and everywhere, and the pestilential stench from the dead bodies was next to unbearable.

The scene beggars description.

Even the trained newspaper men turned their eyes aside and held their nostrils. Corpses everywhere.

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To add to the horror the Johnstown Bridge, as if to add terror to terror and to make confusion worse confounded, swept from its approaches and precipitated the horror-stricken multitude into the torrent. An overturned stove in a dwelling inaugurated a conflagration. Nearly a hundred people were literally burned to death, thus adding holocaust to the far more preferable fate of death by drowning.

Scarcely had the news of the terrible disaster been sent abroad than the alert newspapers had their commissioners speedily on their way to the scene.

Only the most meagre accounts had been given to the public for the reason that every mode of communication via telegraph or train had been cut off.

When the POLICE GAZETTE representatives reached Johnstown the scene was a pitiable one. The former town was a swamp. Debris was piled here, there and everywhere, and the pestilential stench from the dead bodies was next to unbearable.

The scene beggars description.

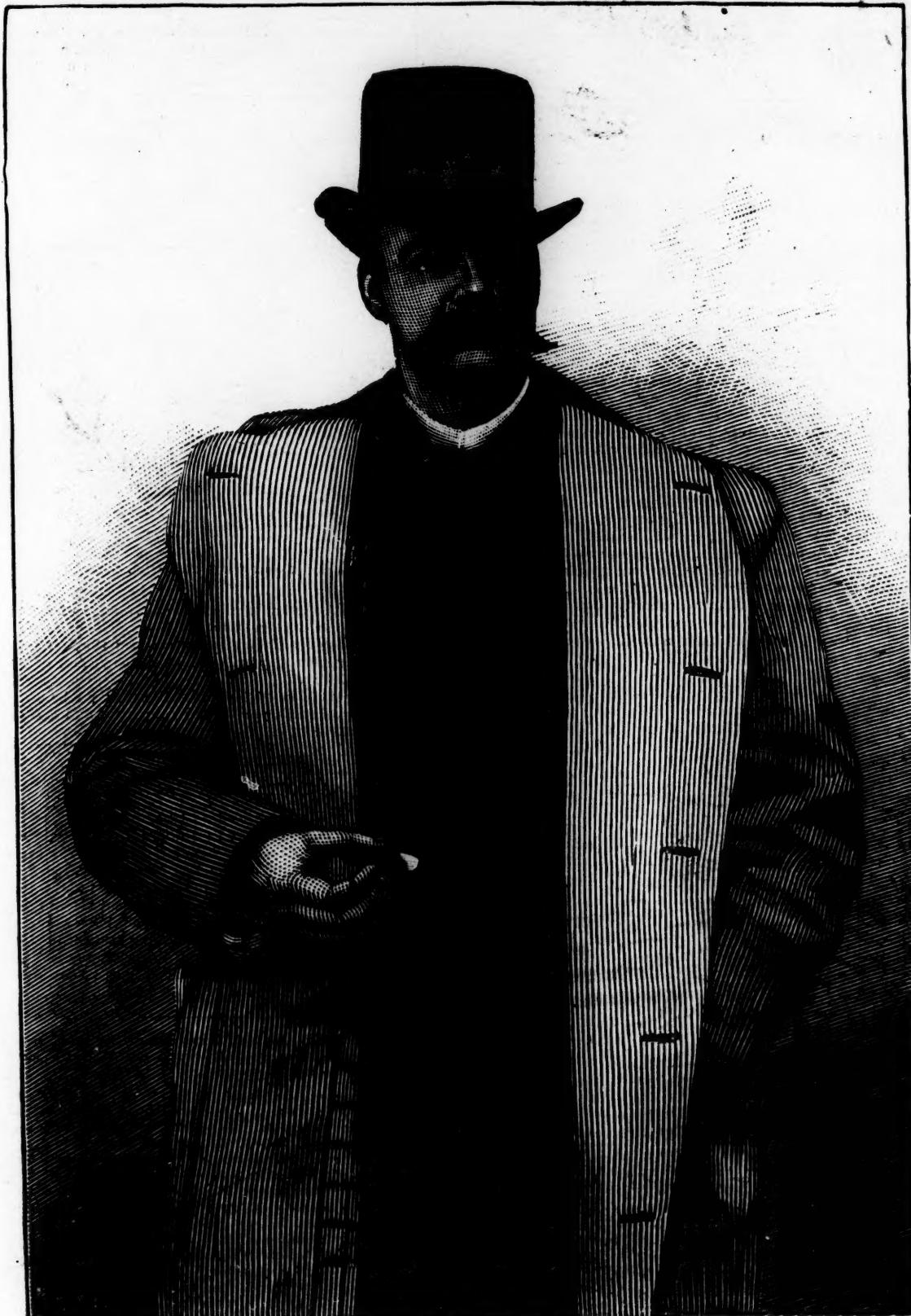
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FASCINATING AMY ROCHE,
THE GRACEFUL AND PRETTY FOOTLIGHT FAVORITE OF THE GAIETY COMPANY, WHO IS
GAINING FRIENDS WHEREVER SHE GOES.



JOHN J. QUINN,
THE PROMINENT LOVER OF HORSE-FLESH AND WELL-KNOWN BOARDING STABLE PRO-
PRIETOR OF HARLEM, NEW YORK CITY.



NEW ORLEANS' POLICE CHIEF.
DAVID C. HENNESSY, WHO ROSE FROM THE POSITION OF MESSENGER
BOY TO THE LEADING PLACE AMONG POLICE OFFICIALS.



NEW ORLEANS' FIRE CHIEF.
THOMAS O'CONNOR, AT PRESENT AT THE HEAD OF ONE OF THE BEST
FIRE DEPARTMENTS IN THE UNIVERSE.

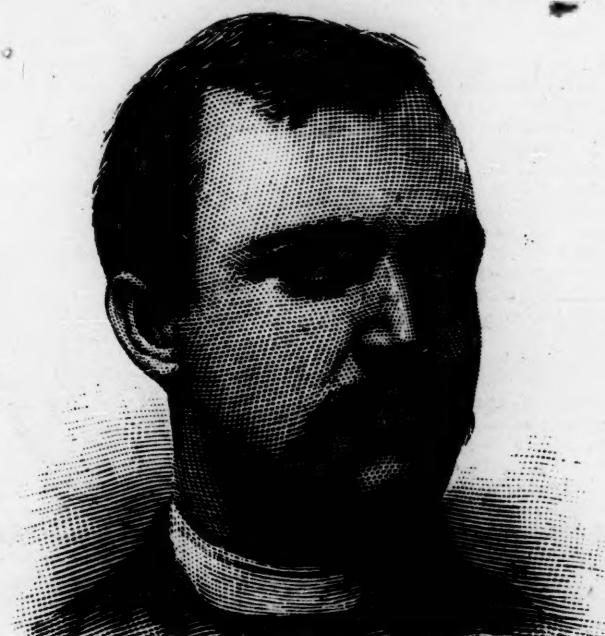


A CRESCENT CITY POLICE OFFICER.
CAPT. JOHN JOURNEE, OF THE NEW ORLEANS FORCE, WHO IS ONE OF
THE BRAVEST AND BEST OFFICIALS IN THAT TOWN.



WHERE IS RETTA CLAYTON?

A PREPOSSESSING BLOOMFIELD, IOWA, GIRL STARTS FOR COUNCIL BLUFFS AND IS NOT AGAIN HEARD OF.



HE LOVED THE WEALTHY WIDOW.

REV. H. GREENFIELD SCHORR, OF BALTIMORE, MD., WHO BLEW HIS BRAINS OUT BECAUSE OF UNREQUITED AFFECTIONS.



SHE CAST HIS LOVE ASIDE.

WEALTHY WIDOW MARGARET SMITH, WHO REFUSED TO MARRY REV. H. GREENFIELD SCHORR, OF BALTIMORE, MD.



THE GRAVE CAVED IN.

THE BURIAL OF SAMUEL LAWS, THE BRIDGETON, N. J., SUICIDE, ALMOST TERMINATES IN OTHER FATALITIES.



HELD A WHOLE TRAIN UP.

A SOLITARY FOOTPAD CLEANS OUT EVERYBODY ON THE TRAIN NEAR ELLIS JUNCTION, WISCONSIN, AND SCOOPS A POCKETFUL OF STAMPS.



HER BUSTLE WAS ABLAZE.

A YOUNG LADY OF ORANGE, N. J., CATCHES FIRE, WHICH IS PUT OUT BY GEORGE ADAMSON OF THE SAME PLACE.



THE AWFUL CONEM
THE DEATH-DEALING WATERS HURRY ONWARD TO THEIR MAKER THOUSANDS



NEM H RIVER HORROR.

SAND THE MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF A PEACEFUL PENNSYLVANIA TOWN.

JOHN L. ASA WRESTLER.

"Referee" Tells what He Knows About Everything.

LORILLARD'S MAMMOTH STAKES.

I recently had a call from Billy Meyer, the West-ern Cyclone, of Streator, Ill., who is eager to arrange a match to meet Jack McAuliffe, the holder of the light-weight champion belt, for \$2,500 a side, the "Police Gazette" champion belt, and the light-weight championship of the world.

Meyer appears to think that McAuliffe does not want to meet him in the arena, while he is eager to meet McAuliffe on any fair terms or for any sum the champion stipulates.

Meyer appears to be a quiet and unassuming athlete. He is by no means a boaster. He is confident that he is able to conquer McAuliffe, and only desires another opportunity to try. It was remarked by a party present that Meyer did not defeat McAuliffe when he had the opportunity. Meyer said: "It is true I did not defeat McAuliffe when we fought at North Judson, Ill., but if the articles of agreement had been carried out, either McAuliffe would have won or I should."

"I did not propose to draw the money, but McAuliffe refused and then withdrew their money. But that has nothing to do with the present match. I want to meet McAuliffe, and for just as big an amount as he wants to put up, and it is not my fault if he does not face the music."

There is one thing about the latter day champions—after they win a title they want to keep it and not battle for it, and that is one reason championship battles are so far apart and wide between. McAuliffe can fight. He possesses all the necessary qualifications for a champion, and he should keep ringing the bell as long as he holds the rife and has plenty of ammunition.

By the way, I see the recent six-day go-as-you-please race at San Francisco ended in a fiasco; besides, Napoleon Campana, better known as Sport, put the fringe on the cloth by prescribing an overdose of knuckle dust to Frank Hall, the manager, because he refused to carry out his contract, and Old Sport said he was out and injured.

I see the newspapers throughout the country are eulogizing John L. Sullivan's wrestling abilities since he has been up in Belfast, N. Y., for a week, and received a few lessons. Sullivan may have been taught to wrestle in a week, and if such is the case he must be a very apt scholar, for I personally know just as smart athletes as Sullivan who have been at the game all their lifetime and they are not first-class yet.

If Sullivan had a first-class teacher, who understood catch-as-catch-can wrestling, and he had spent two weeks in learning how to put on the "crook," cross-buttock, etc., I might have believed that Sullivan had profited by the lessons; but Sullivan's supposed teacher is not a competent wrestler; he never has wrestled catch-as-catch-can with any champion and he is only a tyro at the game himself, and where it comes in that he has been able to make Sullivan a perfect Achilles or a Hector, when he requires teaching himself, makes me wonder.

Wrestling is an art that is not taught in a week, and it only requires science, but agility, combined with nerve and stamina. Muldoon might be a second-class Graco-Roman wrestler, but he is only a novice at catch-as-catch-can, while at the Cornwall and Westmoreland style he is in the same boat. Kilrain's tutors in wrestling were Jack Carkick, the champion Cornish wrestler, and Charley Mitchell, and either could throw Sullivan or Muldoon at catch-as-catch-can or Cornish style.

Kilrain was nearly two months learning to wrestle before Carkick admitted that he need not be afraid to clinch with anybody, and I am sure Kilrain proved that he was a "honey cooler" at wrestling when fighting Smith, for he threw him time and again by the cross-buttock, and in one round made Smith's cranium go into the ground, leaving a hole large enough to hold a pail of water. If the ground had not been marshy Smith's neck would have been broken or his shoulder dislocated.

I have witnessed nearly all the top sawyers in the heavy and middle weight divisions of the corps-pugilists, wrestle in their many battles in the orthodox twenty-four-foot ring, and not any, with the exception of Jim Mace and Joe Coburn—and there is no denying but that they were Jim Daniels—could equal Kilrain.

At the time Joe Coburn fought Mike McCooe, the St. Louis two-hundred-pounder, for \$2,000 and the championship in 1863, Coburn threw McCooe heavily, and in May, 1870, when Jim Mace fought Tom Allen, it was a cross-buttock that rendered Tom Allen *hors du combat*, for Mace threw Allen and dislocated his shoulder. If the battle between Kilrain and Sullivan for \$20,000, the "Police Gazette" champion belt and the championship of the world was to be decided by the wrestling abilities of the gladiators, why it would be all over but the shouting, for Kilrain, in spite of all Sullivan has been taught by his alleged wrestling teacher, would gain three falls in four.

It is only about six weeks off until the men meet, and the readers of this column will bear in mind these tips on the wrestling abilities of Kilrain and Sullivan, for as certain as the men meet and there is a clinch, Kilrain will lose the first fall.

I see that every arrangement has been made for a meeting between Johnny Reagan and Young Mitchell, and the famous middle-weights are to meet in the California Athletic Club on Oct. 29 for a purse of \$2,500, \$2,000 to the winner and \$500 to the loser. According to the agreement signed there can be no draw, either Reagan must conquer Mitchell or the latter defeat Reagan. Owing to the reputations of both of the fistic knights, both with and without the mufflers, the match will be looked forward to with eager interest, and there will be hundreds of dollars wagered on the result.

I understand Pierre Lorillard is about to return to the turf, at least we have reason to believe he contemplates doing so. Every true racing man will rejoice to see the cherry and black of Rancocas once more among our "silks and satins." We are well aware that there are those who could never see any good in Mr. Lorillard, but to those we would reply that he has done more for racing than any man in America, bar Mr. Jerome. The latter conceived grand race-courses, but Mr. Lorillard gave racing the first impetus which made it a great popular sport.

It was Mr. Lorillard who first conceived the plan of mammoth stakes, now so popular. It was he who first framed the declaration clause, which rendered such stakes possible, by gaining vast numbers of nominations. It was he who for eight years added \$5,000 in cold cash to the stake which bears his name.

name. It was he who imported more great English stallions and mares (Mortemer, Pizarro, Pontiac, Saxon, etc.) than any man. It was he who maintained the finest racing stable in the land, regardless of cost. It was he who arranged more sensational match races than any owner of our time.

Finally, it was he who made the first successful invasion of England with American horses. Up to that date racing in America had languished. The success of Parole and Iroquois in England was the means of first arousing the interest of the American public in racing. Let us give a man credit for what he deserves.

Two years ago, at Monmouth Park, Mr. Lorillard told us that if he ever returned to the turf he would not keep so extensive a stable as he had, nor would he maintain so extensive a stable as he had. When he raced before Mr. Lorillard seemed to have an idea that money would accomplish all things, and he had only to pay the greatest prices to secure the best race-horses or the best stallions and brood-mares with which to breed them. We think his experience showed him that it is impossible to "corner" the market in racing, although his last year on the turf (1885) was the most successful he ever had.

A great unwieldy establishment, such as he maintained, was so fraught with cares and anxieties that it robbed his sport of all the element of pleasure. With the experience he gained during the eleven years he raced he ought now be able to steer clear of the reefs and enter upon a career which will be both pleasant and profitable. With the advent of Messrs. Lorillard, Morris, Hearst and Kelly it would look as if racing was on the threshold of an Augustan era.

REPEREE.

SPORTING NOTES.

If Jack McAuliffe, the light-weight champion, and Billy Meyer mean business, and are as eager as Meyer promises to be to meet in the arena for a purse of \$2,000, they now have the opportunity, as will be seen by the following:

SAFETY PIN, San Francisco, Cal., June 1, 1889.

SPORTING EDITOR—The directors of the California Athletic Club will give a purse of \$2,000 for Jack McAuliffe and Billy Meyer to battle for with the "Police Gazette" champion belt and light-weight championship of the world. The directors of the club would prefer the contest to take place in November instead of September. If Meyer and McAuliffe are satisfied,

L. R. FULDA.

There is one thing about the latter day champions—after they win a title they want to keep it and not battle for it, and that is one reason championship battles are so far apart and wide between. McAuliffe can fight. He possesses all the necessary qualifications for a champion, and he should keep ringing the bell as long as he holds the rife and has plenty of ammunition.

By the way, I see the recent six-day go-as-you-please race at San Francisco ended in a fiasco; besides, Napoleon Campana, better known as Sport, put the fringe on the cloth by prescribing an overdose of knuckle dust to Frank Hall, the manager, because he refused to carry out his contract, and Old Sport said he was out and injured.

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Letters as follows will be forwarded to the parties named on receipt of addressed and stamped envelope: Arthur Chambers, Jack Ashton, Geo. H. Butler, E. J. Baldwin, Harry Bethune, Frank Beyer, D. J. Bagley, Fred Bryant, Florrie Barnett, W. H. Casey, Miss Leo Clair, Francis J. Clark, Big Jack Connor, M. J. Connolly, Benjamin Chase, F. A. Daverton, Capt. J. C. Daly (4), J. H. Eldridge, Timothy J. Fox (2), Charley Folks, J. W. Griffin, Mike Hook, Fred Harmon, Mr. Holton, H. Kitteman, Louie Katsenmeyer, George Le Blanche, J. A. Lightfoot, James League, Prof. Dan Laffin, John C. Little, Wm. Miller, Prof. Wm. Miller, Harry Monroe (club swinger), Antonio Pierre, Alf Ryan, George M. Ross, Jacob Schaffer, Fred W. Stone, Alie Spitz, Mrs. R. L. Stewart, C. W. Terwilliger, Sir Roger Tichborne, Robt. Vint, J. H. Watson, H. C. Williamson, Prof. Will Willie, Harry Webb.

At Boston, on May 31, the glove fight between Johnny Griffin and Jack Havlin was decided. The conditions were for a 24-round match, each man to weigh 190 pounds or under; the decision made on scientific points. Young Mitchell and Jimmy Connolly acted in the same capacity for Griffin. Havlin stripped at 117½ pounds, while Griffin weighed 119. The fight opened with careful sparring by both men. Then Griffin shot out his left quick and hard, and landed on Havlin's hand. Havlin returned an instant later with a left-hander on Griffin's jaw. After some work at short range, in which each man landed many fierce blows, Griffin led with his left again, landing heavily on Havlin's nose. After some more close hitting the round closed, with havlin in favor of Griffin.

In the second-round Havlin drove Griffin to the ropes, where both exchanged short blows. Griffin landed with his left and claimed, and got first blood. Up to this time Griffin had not used his right, but a moment later he caught Havlin in the latter's corner, and, with a vicious right-hand blow under the jaw, knocked Havlin down. Havlin came to time groggy but plucky, and then Griffin hit him again with his left and right, and finally with his right again, Havlin a second time. Havlin was groggy, with a bad cut under the left eye, and the call of time saved him from a knock-out. Havlin came to time for the third round game, but very weak. Griffin chased him about the ring, hitting three blows to Havlin's one. Havlin was plainly out of the fight. In the fourth round Griffin struck Havlin two savage blows in the ribs with his right, the second of which made Havlin reel. Then Havlin received a resounding left-hander on the neck which sent him face forward to the floor just before time was called. Havlin then withdrew, saying, "I'm no quitter, but I'm done up." Griffin's sparring was clean and hard and undoubtedly scientific. Billy Jordan, of the California Athletic Club, officiated as master of ceremonies.

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KILRAIN'S COLORS. The new "Colors" of Jake Kilrain are now ready. Sporting men, saloonkeepers and others can obtain them by forwarding \$3.50 to this office. RICHARD K. FOX, Frank-lin Square, New York.

WATCH FREE. And 50 Per Cent. to Agents. RICHARD K. FOX, Frank-lin Square, New York.

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE: NEW YORK.

RICHARD K. FOX'S Supply and Purchasing Department.

Owing to the numerous orders that I am daily receiving for all kinds of Sporting Goods and Books of all descriptions, I have for the convenience of my readers, opened a Supply and Purchasing Agency. This department is in charge of a thoroughly competent man, and any orders that we are favored with will be filled at the manufacturers' and publishers' lowest prices. Your patronage is solicited. All orders must be accompanied by the cash to receive attention.

NEW CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS.—Price 10c. Each.

PUGILISTS.

Jack Kilrain, Charley Mitchell, Pat Kilian, Mike Ryan, Geo. McAuliffe, Jim Smith, Yankee Sullivan, Billy Edwards, Arthur Chambers, Joe Goss, Jim Carney, Tom Sawyer, Wm. Wormald, Johnny Reagan, John Morrissey, Tom Lee, Tom Hayes, Yankee, Tom Hayes, John Morrissey, John H. Morrissey, John C. Heenan, John J. Scholles, Fatty Godfrey, Patsey Cardis, Mike Donovon, John L. Sullivan, Tom Collier, Billie Aaron, Wm. Sherrill, Steve Taylor, Alf. Greenfield, Harry Gilmore, Mike Cushing, Paty Fallon, Dooney Harris, Jim Fell, John Hyman, Hattie Stewart, Jack Ashton, Jim Mace, Bob Brettle, Tom Jackson, Billy Murphy, Geo. Cooke, Dick Hollywood, Abe Hicken, John Morrissey, Charlie Norton, Joe Penderast, John G. Hart, John Morrissey, John C. Heenan, John J. Scholles, Fatty Godfrey, Patsey Cardis, Mike Donovon, John L. Sullivan, Tom Collier, Billie Aaron, Wm. Sherrill, Steve Taylor, Alf. 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A MESSAGE IN BLOOD.

FRANK COMPTON OF WEST PITTSTON, PA., KILLS HIS WIFE AND THEN CUTS HIS THROAT, AFTER WHICH HE WRITES ON THE WALL.



AN INVOLUNTARY BAPTISM.

A CROWD OF COLORED CHRISTIANS ARE DUCKED IN JAMAICA BAY, LONG ISLAND, WHILE WATCHING THE CHURCH SERVICES.



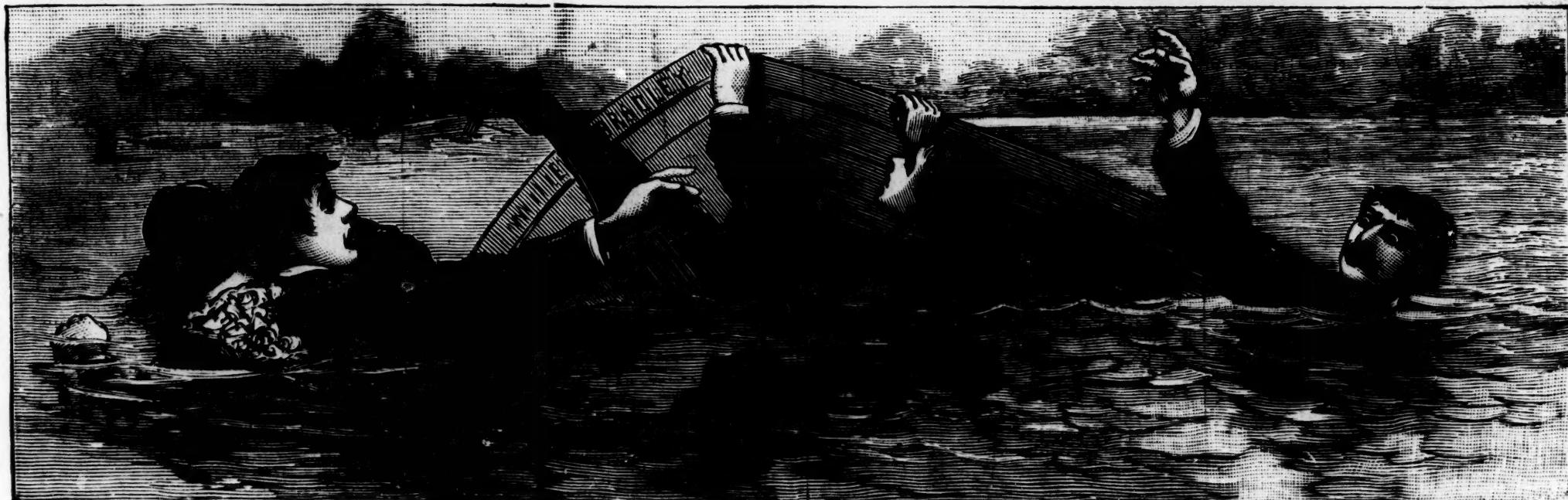
A BRILLIANT RECEPTION INTERRUPTED.

A GATHERING AT THE HOME OF GENERAL DODGE, AT DANVILLE, ILLINOIS, TERMINATED BY A BIG AND DANGEROUS FIRE.



STABBED WITH A SLATE PENCIL.

A QUARREL BETWEEN TWO SCHOOL CHILDREN AT MOUNT CARMEL, ILLINOIS, HAS AN UNFORTUNATE ENDING.



A YOUNG LADY DROWNED.

A PARTY OF PICNICKERS THROWN FROM A BOAT INTO THE DES MOINES RIVER AND ONE LOSES HER LIFE AFTER A STRUGGLE.



JAKE IS HOME AGAIN.

HOW THE "POLICE GAZETTE" CHAMPION WAS RECEIVED ON HIS RECENT RETURN TO THE COUNTRY OF HIS NATIVITY.

WINES AND LIQUORS.

PURE WINES AND LIQUORS.

PRICE PER CASE OF 12 LARGE BOTTLES, 5 TO A GALLON.

PORT WINE, NO. 1	\$4.00	RYE WHISKEY, NO. 3	\$4.00
PORT WINE, NO. 2	5.00	RYE WHISKEY, NO. 4	5.00
DURAND PORT	6.00	SHERWOOD RYE	6.00
SHERRY WINE, NO. 1	4.00	GOLDEN WEDDING RYE	7.50
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